

The Fisk Herald.

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OF FISK UNIVERSITY.

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NO. 6.

ENTEUTHEN EXELAUNEL."

Mary had a little Anab.
Its leaves were white as snow,
And every where that Mary went
The Anab was sure to go.

It went with her to school each day
Which was the teacher's rule,
And it made the Seniors laugh and play
To see Mary slip up in school.

And so the Prof., he took that book,
And on it dropped a tear,
And in his desk he kept it safe
Till Mary did appear.*

"What makes the Anab love Mary so?"
The eager Seniors cry.
"O, Mary loves (?) the Anab, you know"
The teacher did reply.

Mon. '91.

* 4:30 P. M.

BULGARIA.

WE the citizens of the United States being at peace with other nations and comparatively at peace with ourselves, are apt to forget the troubles of other nations of the world. As the eyes of the world are now turned with interest toward the countries of the East, let us for a moment go side by side in thought with others over a few facts concerning this Eastern land. The war of 1877 vigorously fought by Turkey and her subordinates resulted in the freedom of Servia, Romania, Bulgaria and other provinces of less importance. Previous to this war these countries had been under the yoke of Turkish sovereignty and, notwithstanding the fact they are not very small, and not at a

insignificant, they had no power, no authority, no constitution, and more than all, no freedom of thought or speech. Turkey finding herself unable longer to hold these countries, came to terms of peace, and Bulgaria was reconstituted by the Berlin treaty in 1878. In accordance with this treaty, Bulgaria is allowed a Prince freely elected by the Bulgarians and confirmed by the Sultan with consent of the higher powers, but he can not belong to any of the reigning dynasties of Europe. The prince is assisted in his official duties by a council of ministers and a legislative body composed of a single chamber elected for three years by the male population, in the proportion of one deputy for every ten thousand inhabitants. In 1883 a second chamber was made, and it was established that a law be investigated and voted upon by both chambers and sanctioned by the Prince. The ninth article of the treaty required the people of Bulgaria to pay always a tribute to the porte, and to take upon themselves a part of the public debt. Perhaps some of you have wondered as you have read the papers from week to week, why almost all of Europe seems greedy for Bulgaria and seems highly forgetful of the other states of Turkey. Bulgaria has a surface area of sixty-three thousand nine hundred and seventy-two⁺ square kilometers with a population of two millions. Its army and peace footing comprises seventeen thousand men; in time of war,

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sixty-two thousand men.

Thus you can easily understand why not only Turkey, but Austria and Russia are earnestly struggling to gain possession of this vast and important country. Although Turkey was forced to give up Bulgaria, yet she has at no time relinquished the hope that some day she would rule supreme over her lost Bulgaria, and thus the struggle has existed during all these years and to-day is as heated as ever. Alexander I of Battenburg was the first Prince of Bulgaria, assisted Karaveloff and other men, all of whom were bad and designing, and seemed to have had neither love nor interest for their country. Finding both the Turks and Russia engaged against him Prince Alexander resigned his office on the fifth of September 1886, and at the same time nominated a regency which Russia would not recognize. Finding herself defied, Russia sent General Kaulbars to Bulgaria to incite and increase the embarrassment on the part

the government of Bulgaria. November of the same year the council of state unanimously elected Prince Woldemar of Denmark, but he absolutely refused the crown. Russia next proposed Prince Nicholas of Mingrelia, who was accepted by Turkey, but all of the other powers objected, hence Prince Nicholas was rejected. Shortly afterwards a delegation was sent to Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, who after many misgivings accepted the crown and seated himself upon the Bulgarian throne, but with the most apparent disapprobation of all the great powers of Europe. The fate or destiny of not only Russia and Turkey, but all of Europe is sealed up in Bulgaria. The Bulgarians love their own

state; they love peace and all through this cruel struggle with Russia and the other high powers have shown a spirit of wonderful endurance. Russia or any other power of Europe that insists upon usurping the control of some other nation beside her own, should be held in contempt by all American citizens, especially by the citizens of the United States. Eastern and Western civilization is after all at the bottom of the great conflict, and this being the case it deeply concerns the citizens of this country, for the United States has been for nearly a hundred years the foremost champion of Western civilization.

M. J. Murray, '89.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

BROTHER A. P. Miller, in his letter which appeared in the Nov. issue of the HERALD, introduced a most important question concerning the permanent endowment of Fisk University.

It ought to be a subject of the greatest concern to all who love Fisk University and who heartily wish her a progressive and ever-useful future.

It especially ought to be important to those who have received and those who are now receiving such direct benefits from her, in the many different ways in which a student is always benefited who enters her walls.

He who gave us Fisk says "Freely ye have received, freely give."

I am sure that every one who has enjoyed any of the blessings of Fisk, whether Alumnus or Alumna, old student or new student, will gladly and joyfully rally to the cause of our

dear old mother as she once rallied to ours, when we were in great distress.

For my part, I owe all I am and all I ever will be to Fisk and can only pay her for her benefits to me, as my life is servicable to Him whom she serves.

And how can I better serve Him than to give of my means to help perpetuate the existence of such a grand institution as Fisk, whose influence is spreading all over the world and carrying with it, glad tidings of Salvation to benighted souls in many dark places of the earth.

I know not what course others may take, but as for me, I am bound to do something for Fisk University.

We, many of us, are not Alumni but we should not stand back for that.

We have, nevertheless, been benefitted and are, therefore, under obligation to do what we can. Mr. Miller's letter is an able appeal to the students in behalf of our school and brings plainly our duty in regard to this matter.

I hope all will read this letter and each assume his or her responsibility as it is presented. I have been thinking much on this subject and have a plan to offer which I believe will work admirably and will meet the approval of all the students when they clearly see through it.

I believe it best in our asking aid of the students to do it in such a manner as to throw each man on his own responsibility and show him once a year how much he has done towards the required end.

I believe this will be best done by organizing one more association to cooperate with the two Alumni associations already organized for this purpose. I suggest that this association

should be known as the Undergraduate Association of Fisk University; whose object shall be to aid in raising money for the endowment of Fisk University.

Let all the undergraduates of Fisk, both those in school and those in the field, be members of the association; and let the undergraduates in school organize in such a way as seem best to them, provided they make the treasurer of the University the treasurer of the association, who shall receive all moneys sent in by undergraduates students and keep a separate record of such money received. At commencement, when the Alumni Associations meet, let the undergraduate Association (those present) meet also and hear from the treasurer the amount of money has been sent in by the undergraduates during that year.

Let the HERALD publish the amount raised by each association during the year. In this way, the undergraduates can see just how much they do yearly towards this great work and would, I believe, be encouraged to do more than they would do by sending the money in without having any credit for it. I suggest further that the undergraduates each pledge a *certain amount* to this cause, instead of paying one percent of their annual income.

The Undergraduate Association would be the largest, of course, and I would not be surprised if, in a few years, she should take the lead in this work. I pledge myself to give five dollars for the year 1888, and my wife wishes me to say for her that she will give two dollars.

Of course, if my suggested plan does not take well, it will not affect the desire in our hearts to give. The thing

that we are anxious about, is, that *Fisk University should get the money.*

Let us hear from many others on this subject.

Yours in the field,
J. D. PETTIGREW.

"WESTWARD HO?" FOR FISK.

Editor HERALD:

When you tackle a westerner or especially a Kansan about the advantages offered by his section, you have done a risky thing; for when once fairly started, like Tennyson's "Brook" "men may come and men may go but he goes on forever".

The question has often been asked me, "Why is it that we get so few of your educated young people in the west"? I tell them that those of our northern states seem to lack the pluck to undergo the afflictions which are "but for a moment," and those of the South, or at least a large majority, are engaged in the grand work of instructing their less favored brethren.

But holding that every year the number of educated young people is increasing, and the chance of their obtaining positions as teachers and preachers decreasing, I ask through your bright little paper; "Why do the Fiskites evade the west?" Every year Yale, Harvard, Howard, and other eastern colleges send out a goodly number of enterprising young men with more brains than money, and they are gladly welcomed; but never a Fiskite do I see or hear of. So far as I know there are four in the west, and Kansas (true to her traditions) caught them. For fear the New South (which I think exists largely

in Grady & Co's imagination) has caused them to close their eyes to other fields, I would like to briefly state a few plain facts about the west, and particularly of Kansas, as a fruitful field for Fiskites.

To begin with, there's nothing small about us, our state is 200 by 400 miles and as yet has only a population of 1,500,000, which in the next five years we want to double. To accomplish this we are advertising for wide awake, enterprising American citizens, no dudges, no cranks, but plain, earnest men and women. We don't care about their antecedents nor descent, for when once across the Missouri River every one gets pay not for what he knows nor for the color of his skin but for what he does. In return for what they have surrendered by coming, we offer a state rich in natural resources. The coal fields in the eastern part of the state have an area greater than the famed coal fields of Pennsylvania. Iron, lead and fine limestone are found in abundance. The central and western parts are the garden spots of the U. S.

Doubtless you have heard of the immense yield of corn, wheat, and fruits, also of the ease and profit with which cattle are raised. Well, gentle reader, doubt it not. The half has never been told. Then we offer a school system second to none in the Union, from the country school held in the sod house on the prairie, to the State University said by the Pres. of Yale to be the best west of the Alleghany Mountains, Ann Arbor possibly excepted. But the boast of all Kansans and the genius of their institutions is that they are all open to their fellow-citizens regardless of race or color. I have been is

several northern states, and no where did I see the same feeling as I do here. You see neither that maudlin sympathy that regards the Negro as a poor weak-minded creature, mistreated by man, and forgotten by Heaven. Nor do you witness that fierce unrelenting hatred that refuses to acknowledge what is plain even to a blind man; but in their stead you here find the Negro is placed where he belongs, right alongside his fellow citizens, measured by the same standard, given his place on the track and told to "get there" if he can. Very likely you noticed the airing given the Ft. Leath school trouble by the democratic press; that was all buncumbe. We understand it here, and are hardly prepared to condemn the people of a state for the action of a few renegade "bush-whackers" from poor old Missouri. You can't find a separate school any where in this state seventy five miles from the eastern line. I was drafted into teaching this winter and my school is composed of one-fourth whites, including the children of the banker and merchants of the town.

Then we are reliably Republican, with just enough Prohibition proclivities to suit even the faculty of Fisk. There are openings in every branch of business, or if you don't see one when you come, just work yourself in and make an opening. Here in Graham Co. we want ten thousand Americans each bringing a little money. Our county has a population of ten thousand, one thousand of whom are colored, or, pardon the mistake, of African descent. The town of Nicodemus is built and owned principally by them. Here you will find them employed in every branch of merchantile business. They are rep-

resented in the county offices by two worthy young men serving as Clerk of Dist. Court, and County Commissioner. But the crowning feature, that which we all take pride in telling, is that those people, most of them ex-slaves, have in this county over 30,000 acres of land, which they have won by privation and self sacrifice.

These are a few facts. I will close by saying, this is no *black* man's country nor is it a paradise, for every thing you get comes by hard work. But the fact I wish to impress is, that there is a chance in western Kansas for those who are willing to toil either mentally or manually, to reap undisturbed the fruit of that labor. Those wishing to know more on the subject may address me as below. No trouble to answer letters of information.

Yours truly,

J. E. PORTER, '80.

Nicodemus, Kan

A TEXAS DREAM.

Yesterday evening after coming from school I felt so very tired; for the week I spent in the city had tired me out. I went directly to bed.

I guess you know what a craze there is about going to California. Well I was soon in Shadow-land and I will tell you what I dreamed and did while there. I went down the railroad for a walk, and just as I came near the station I heard the porter cry: "Take this train for California!" Then said I: Here is a good chance for me to see that wonderful country. Without stopping to consider I jumped on the train and was soon on my way to California. The train went w - l : t speed and soon I was quite a distance from the station. Soon the train stopped at Palestine and a gentleman in com-

pany with a little girl got on and came in the same coach with me—for I was alone—and sat down just before me. After the train started he turned to me and said in a very pleasant manner, “We are the only occupants of this coach it seems. May I ask where you are going?” I told him California; he did not reply for a few moments, and just as he began to reply, another train passed loaded with coal and convicts. I hastily exclaimed: “Oh! look at those men; where are they going?” He smiled and said: “They are prisoners going to their work at Darwin.” When he said this I felt dreadfully alarmed; he noticed it and said, “You look frightened; do you know any one there? and what part of California are you going to? Will some one meet you?” “No, no, I do not know where I am going. I am a teacher on Darwin’s Farm and now I am sitting here. What must I do? I had forgotten all about my school!” I cried hastily; and I felt as if it was true. “Do not be alarmed now, I am going to California and you may consider my home yours until you can return to your friends. My mother and father live in Los Angles, and I am sure they will treat you kindly.” I thanked him and felt more content. We traveled four days and at the end of the fourth day he told me that we were entering into California.

The moon was giving its most brilliant light and I took the advantage of it in viewing the country. It was just beautiful and for miles I could see nothing but the white tops of tents shining among the green shrubbery. “We are at Los Angeles now, but my house is not up in city and as my parents are very wealthy they will put me off at our door.”

Before he had finished his sentence we commenced to move slowly and

the porter cried “Allens Hill! Allens Hill!” My friend arose and taking the little girl and myself by the hand left the train. I felt so bewildered when I first stepped on the ground I could scarcely stand. We were standing in a valley near the track, and on up I saw a green hill on the top of which was built a quaint yet large house with high gable roofs and windows; the house looked like a picture of some ancient ruin half hidden by the leaves of trees which were twice as large as our trees. They were quite thickly grown and some had been hewn down in the shape of chairs and quite gorgeously painted. By this time we were near the house and my friend was seeking admittance by means of a large brass knocker, the design a lion’s head. The door was opened by a tall girl whom he called Alli, who seemed wonderstruck at the sight of me. I looked quite queer to her I know and so did she look so to me: for she was dressed in a long grey wrapper with flowing sleeves, a turban pressed on her long raven curls, her throat bare and large earrings in her ears. She was quite beautiful though queerly dressed. After saying something in an unknown tongue, she led the way through a long hall dimly lighted and carpeted with pure white sand and gay rugs of braided straw lying down the centre leading to the door. The hall was a wonder but I had not seen anything to be compared with the other parts of the house.

The door opened and my friend led me into a room of wonders. So astonished was I that I stood for several moments trying to collect my thoughts. The room looked more like an ancient museum than a lady’s sitting room, yet a sitting room it was said to be. The room was very large and square; with quite a number of

windows with panes four inches each way and of different colors. The floor was carpeted with rugs of various designs. In one corner a piano stood, the top of which was covered with ti-dies and mats of priceless lace, pin-cushions, hand-bags, wall-pockets, needle cases and every other article in the line of fancy work. Underneath the piano in a large glass case was a lay figure dressed in the finest silk and lace and jewels of the most costly kind. In another corner stood an ancient clock which told the hour by its repeated knocking; this was surrounded by costly lace curtains. In the third corner stood a table the bottom of which resembled crystal. By this table stood a woman. So antique was her appearance that one might have thought she was some ancient mummy come to life. She was about three and a half feet high, very slender, with olive complexion, very beaming eyes, and hair dark as night. She was very old, yet there was a slight look of youth; she was dressed in snuff-colored satin, with full skirt and short waist, flowing sleeves and a snowy handkerchief pinned across her breast. Her hair in a net extended like a paddle down her back. She seemed glad to see me and commenced to show me some of her sketches until reminded by her son that I had not met his father. She then turned and led me to the queerest looking object I had ever seen, even there: for in the center or side of the room directly in front of a window stood a desk and leaning against one corner stood a small dwarf, whom they told me was her husband. He had one leg across the other which rendered him more comical looking than ever; for he was dressed in blue suit, nee pants, a coat short in front and

very long and pointed behind, a red shirt embroidered with gold, his hair combed very high in front fell in long heavy snow-white curls upon his neck and shoulders. He was very old also, and of a pinkish complexion; and with very small black eyes which seemed to be excited by the way they kept dancing. He bowed quite stately and gave me his hand which seemed to grow smaller as I looked at it. "Come and let me show you my earthly treasure;" said the quaint little lady in a very low voice which sounded like distant music. I followed her to the fourth corner of the room and there I saw two large folding doors. I tried to open them but found they were locked. She looked at me and smiled and clapped her tiny wrinkled hands several times; the moment she ceased Alli came in and after kneeling at her feet handed her a tiny golden key and then vanished. She then unlocked the door and lo! I stood in a mine of precious stones! So brilliant were they that I could scarcely see. "This treasure has been my life long work and I have just got it completed. Over on this side are finest diamonds, here you will find rubies, here pearls," and with a wave of her hand she pointed out to me every stone. "At my death this goes to endow the finest colored school that can be found in the South. Do you know which it is?" I of course thought of Fisk but ere I could tell her so, I was awakened by a terrible noise which I found to be the four o'clock train on its way to the city. I felt a little sorry to leave all of those precious stones, but I had to, and I did not get to tell her about Fisk. This is the end of my dream and I am sure no one has enjoyed themselves better than I did while in California.

M. A. K.

THE FISK HERALD,

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FEBRUARY, 1888.

EDITORIAL.

THE last chapter of "Tom Brown at Fisk" was crowded out this issue. We promise to have him before the scenes next issue without fail.

Several other articles including a letter from Miss Minor intended for this issue will appear in March.

THE suggestion by J. D. Pettigrew found in our columns this month is a timely one. There are doubtless hundreds of students who like Mr. Pettigrew have received their education at Fisk, who owe her all the success they are now having, but who were not able to graduate. These

ought and no doubt are willing to aid in the endowment movement, but there is now no way to get at them, indeed we hardly know their names. This suggested organization of undergraduates would meet the case exactly. Of course those now in school could not be expected to give much, but every year scores leave us to never return who could in a few years materially aid us. We would impress the fact upon Undergraduates and Alumni that this is *our* work; the responsibility is with us, and in accordance with our efforts Fisk will stand or fall.

THE editor of the HERALD works for honor; that of course means for nothing. Often after he has worked, worried and used up lead-pencils over an issue, he is rewarded by hearing some one say: "Pshaw! That HERALD is not worth reading; why don't they put something in it?" But once in a while, once in *long* while, some one remembers there is such a person, and that he *is* trying to "put something in it." The following stray little sunbeam found its way into our cob-webbed sanctum recently, and the Editor came near falling out of his chair:

North Brookfield, Jan. 23, 1888

Dear sir:

I have been the happy receiver of your HERALD for some years and read its contents with interest. Perhaps you know I am deeply interested in Fisk, have a room there, and should be glad to fill it and enjoy listening and mingling with its Students and Teachers. I am much interested in "Tom Brown at Fisk," expect he will prove an interesting character, I enclose the stamps for your benefit, wishing you success in all your worthy

undertakings; only wish I could write something that would interest you. My heart is in this work and I love to pray for its prosperity,

Yours in the work,

The Editor bows gracefully and begs to assure the kind donor that while he appreciates the substantial little gifts as only an impecunious Editor can, the words of encouragement especially he places among his brightest jewels, and they will serve in no little degree as incentives towards a life that shall be an honor to the Race to whose interest the writer has given so much of her life.

EDITORIAL TOOTHPICK.

WE have gone up higher. No more shall we bask in the sunshine of Room D, 2nd floor. No more between the radiator and chapel exercises shall the eastern breezes fan our fevered brow. No more in our ex-sanctum sanctorium shall our pen revel in brilliant ideas as herein contained (subscription \$1.00, per annum; single copy 10 cts.) while our hoof rests lovingly on the wainscoting, and our eyes wander dreamily over the landscape, — said landscape being late on account of work in the Dining Hall. No more shall patterning footsteps and angel-voices summon us to — the hall. why? Because as above said we've ascended. Fate (which meets Mondays) has so decreed, and we in duty bound have bowed to the inevitable. And now as we scan the landscape which stretches from heaven to the bell-house one way and from right to left the other, we have a feeling that after all this is a much pleasanter and more convenient

sanctum, always excepting the aforementioned angel voices. In plain English, the HERALD office has been removed to the room over the printing office, No. 32, third floor, and we are much pleased. We should of course be gratified to receive our many friends in our new quarters, especially those who owe us.— With the opening spring comes the opening of the subscription books for the Fisk Gymnasium. Now gentle Reader (I don't know why readers are called gentle unless it's because they are not) if you've ever seen any Nashville mud, none of your counterfeits, but the real genuine maroon-yellow article, warranted for ten days after application, if you have had any experience with this, you won't stop to expatiate on the advantages of out-door exercise, nor of how you used to do it when you were a boy, no, you'll just put your hand in your pocket and mail us a brief note with a substantial lining, and soon you would find that all the HERALD needed to make it *ne plus ultra* was a little more muscle on the editorial staff.—We're all hard at work now. This is the time when the **work** of the year is done. When the balmy breezes of summer (90° in the shade) come our enthusiasm will dry up like the rest of Nature. The library, with its invaluable periodicals, is well patronized; the Musical Department is enjoying unparalleled success; The Germans with laudable earnestness are lacerating the *mutter-sprache*; the societies are still scaring the rats,—in fine, we're getting there, meals not excepted.

The Fisk Gymnasium is an enterprize conceived and being carried on by the students themselves. Help us!

THE FISK HERALD.

EVOLUTION; PRO AND CON.

No question, social or political, has given rise to such variations of opinions, comments, and condemnations as has the Theory of Evolution propounded by Charles Darwin, nor have any books been so much praised and berated as his *Origin of Species* and *Descent of Man*.

In this and other papers I wish to show some of these arguments in their relations to Biology and Geology. Evolution argues that all organized forms are descended from some common ancestral form, and that their subsequent divergence of character is the inevitable resultant of conflicting forces tending toward the same end. Non-Evolutionists teach that each organism is the act of a special creation, guided by a divine hand for a benevolent purpose; and that all subsequent divergence of character is the work of Providence, having for its ultimate end the greatest good to the being modified. Evolution claims that since all organisms have something in common, therefore are they connected by kinship of component parts.

Non-Evolutionists show that such resemblances are natural phenomena, and, since Nature has thus decreed them, it is not in man's province to question them.

Evolution maintains that the dwellers of the earth are descendants of primeval ancestors, acted upon by the countless ages of geologic time through every gradation of development and mutation to the present time.

Non-Evolutionists believe that all forms were miraculously created and placed in those places where we now find them. Whatever objections may be raised against Darwin's Theory, he

has so fortified himself with practical scientific investigations that no one can gainsay his premises, and those who might bitterly oppose him find themselves instinctively drawn to the conviction and acceptance of his views.

It is an obvious fact that the majority of those who oppose Evolution, are those least qualified to refute the propositions in a scientific manner.

Science never accepts empiricism for argument, for where faith commences science ends. We know that matter is indestructible; therefore it is as impossible to imagine its creation as its annihilation in the strictest sense of the word creation, but the corporal structure of matter as it affects the History of creation, recorded in the Geology Records, is the province of science; and since she has to classify knowledge according to facts, it matters little whether she trenches upon the poetical amaginations of faith or not. Modern science has dissipated the dimming mirage that has shrouded the history of organisms in myth. The sphinx-like lips of mother earth have at last parted and revealed the crystalized facts of her history concealed in her bosom awaiting the scientific interpretation of the nineteenth century.

The chemist in his laboratory finds a certain affinity between particular gases. The physicist finds that gravity acts upon all bodies; that sound and light travel in undulations. The astronomer finds that heavenly bodies move in orbits. Empiricism says all this is the acting of a supernatural power operating for a definite purpose.

Science unhesitatingly says it is the necessary result of physical and chemical forces inherent in matter.

Empiricism holds that each of the tens of thousands of species of organisms is built upon an individual plan.

Evolution proves that the dawn of creation is linked to yesterday by a series of biological structures so continuous that not one can be discarded without interfering with the poise of the totality of the universe.

It is an embryological fact that all living beings are produced from cells, and the process of segmentation is identical from the Protozoan to Man.

Examine the development of a chick, and you find each stage is the perfection of some animal lower in the scale than itself. First the embryo is exactly similar to the Protozoa; a little further on it resembles a Fish having gill-like slits, several aortic arches, no true kidneys, or amnion.

Next it loses its gill-like slits, has kidneys, amnion etc, till it rises to the dignity of a Reptile, whence it is finally modified, feathers appear and we have a Bird; and the history of the Bird is the history of all Vertebrates. Take the embryo of a rabbit and that of a crocodile or any other vertebrate of the same development; put them in alcohol without a label and the best scientist of the land can not distinguish them. What does this prove? Evolution holds that since all Vertebrates have a development in common, so must they have a parentage in common. Taking the Mammal of the highest in the scale, let us follow the first premise of Evolution to find the links connecting it to the next higher, the Bird. The Bat with both Bird and Mammal properties is still a mammal with Birdlike habits.

The Australian Ornithornicus is the paradox of living animals, with its

bill like a duck, aquatic habits like a fish, and its structure like Mammals.

It is evidently one of the links connecting Birds and Mammals.

The next lowest type is the Reptile, and Evolution claims three conclusive links connecting it to the Bird.

The Archaeopterix has a lizard-like tail of twenty vertebrae with feathers springing from each side, and jaws with true teeth. In the Ichthyornis and Hesperornis, the crocodile teeth and bird-like anatomy leave no room to doubt that they form a bridge between Birds and Reptiles, and the Pterodactyls or flying Reptiles, and the Dinosaurians complete the argument.

That the Reptiles are allied to the Fishes, one has simply to trace the Salamander, and the Newt and Frog back to their tadpole days, and compare the life of a pollywog with that of a Minnow to complete the analogy.

Take the structure of a Man; he has a vertebrated axis, traversed by a canal of nervous matter whose forward end is enlarged into a brain.

Is the same not true in the dog, the ox, the bird, the adder, the toad, the fish?

This axis has two pairs of limbs, the anterior and posterior. Are they not also found in the pig, the horse, the duck, the salamander, the whale, the dolphin?

The extremity of man's fore arm is developed into a hand with five series of phalanges or fingers. The same is true of the ape, the sloth, the mole, the seal, the scorpion. The pectoral fin of a fish is exactly similar to a man's hand the fin rays are but modified fingers, and the elbow joint is formed beneath the skin. The modern horse walks on the single nail of his middle fingers and toes.

THE FISK HERALD

Pliocene fossil horse had two fingers and toes; The Miocene horse three. The Eocene horse had four, and Science may yet find the bones of the five-toed horse.

This similarity is exactly in harmony with the premises of Evolution that each animal is the prototype of the next. Reasoning *a priori* such a truism sustains the conditions of the premises. Reasoning according to the Geologic Records, we know the Amphioxus was the first vertebrate to appear, followed by Amphibians, Reptile, Birds and Men, in developmental ratio. What does Evolution argue; that man is descended from an ape?

It argues no such thing, but that since they are so closely connected, they probably had a parentage of like similarities, presumably lower than the present form. Birds are Modified Reptiles, not of any reptile now known to science, but since the Dinosaurian present modifications common to Birds and Reptiles, the latter are inferentially in the direct ancestral line of Birds. Having stated a few of the principals, of the Theory of Descent, we hope in a future paper to discuss their Divergence of Character.

A. O. COFFIN '85.

PERSONAL.

WHAT WE'RE DOING

'88 is more logical than ever before.

'89 is more physiological than ever before.

'90 is studying science of government preparatory for future households.

'91 is observing the sines of the times.

The Senior Preps are looking for spots where "thence he marches."

The Middle Preps being quite proficient in keeping other people's books are learning how to keep their own.

The Junior Preps are wondering what Latin was made for.

N.'88 is mostly missing.

N.'89 is mis-quoting Shaw on English Literature.

N.'90 is finding where the heart is situated; it is rumored some of them know already.

N.'91 is wondering what Latin wasn't made for.

CUPID'S DEEDS.

Q. P. Neal, N.'75, will lead Miss M. E. Harris, of Fayetteville, N. C., to the altar, on the 15th inst., at Hempstead, Texas.

G. W. Frazier, on the 14th inst. swore to love and cherish Miss Sallie Swan, "till death do us part." Ceremony at Birmingham, Ala. Both are former students.

On the 8th of this month Miss Celia A. Phelps Nor.'86, was married to Mr. W. H. Scott, M. D., N.'83, at Longview, Texas. Blessings rest upon them.

We failed last month to announce the marriage of G. W. Jackson to Miss Josie Blythe. Miss Blythe left Nashville, Dec. the 24th, enroute for Memphis, where the preacher pronounce the matrimonial words. They set out for Corsicana, Texas, where we hope they will pass a life of unalloyed happiness.

Next!!

Miss Lucy Davis entered school on the 28th.

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Miss Mary Jones entered on the 7th

Miss Mamie Shields writes that she will return to Fisk next year,

C. K. Chase was on the sick list last month but is now up.

M. F. Ballentine is teaching in Giles county.

Frank C. Leland has been quite sick at his home in Memphis.

W. T. Andrews left last month to take charge of a school in Texas.

Horace F. Mitchel is teaching music in Little Rock, Arkansas.

B. T. Perkins, N. '87, writes from St. Joseph, Mo., that his school is prospering, and that his work is pleasant.

Miss E. H. Haynes N. '87, writes that she is enjoying her work at Emery Texas. We thought so.

Miss Belina Bryant has been kept from her classes for several days on account of illness.

Mr. W. W. Page of Minneapolis, visited the University this month. Mr. Page is brother-in-law-to Miss, Whelan our former music teacher.

We are glad to welcome Mrs. Cravath back again: everything seems complete now that we see her in her accustomed place.

Miss Pattie J. Malone, one of the Jubilee Singers and former student of the University, visited us while on her way to her home, Athens, Ala. She is directly from Australia to which place she will return in June.

N. A. Smiley sends in his subscription to the HERALD from Foster Texas. He writes that he made \$800.00 last year and plans to make \$2000.00 this

year. It was rumored that Smiley had joined the army.

R. C. Edmondson was recently called away by urgent duties at home. Ed. plans to return next year and graduate with the present junior class.

Albert Williamson, the noisy boy, is now in Washington City. He writes that he is now working at the capital.

Miss Maggie O. Harris is teaching at Odd Fellow's Hall, Giles County.

T. P. Harris had one of the bones of the Calcis fractured last month. He is up now.

We are sorry to note that E. M. Cravath jr. has been on the sick list quite a great deal this year.

Miss Mattie A. Henderson is teaching in Marion, Arkansas. She has organized a sewing circle since going there. Besides she furnishes an article for a paper every week.

Stokes Woods writes from Cotton Plant, Ark., that he is diving into Politics. He thinks that Arkansas is a good field for teachers.

L. F. Johnson, N. '87, sends in his subscription to the HERALD. He is principal of the Lincoln Academy at Tallahassee, Fla. The school is quite a large one requiring five teachers.

A former student of Fisk became deeply enamored with a fair young lady who was attending school at Holly Springs, Mississippi. Barkis' was willin' but the powers be that said nay. Recently she went to Texas where she found her anxious lover waiting. Upon meeting him they journeyed together, she like the happy princess in the fairy land, who,

"Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the World she followed
him."

When they reached Palestine the hymeneal knot was tied. Mc. as you two journey through life do not forget your friends at Fisk.

J. T. Hobbs '87, might have been occasionally paying his respects to Jubilee Hall. So attractive is that hall! He has now returned to Chicago to continue his studies.

T. W. Talley was called home last month to witness the burial of his brother Luther P. Talley we sympathize with the family in its bereavement.

We regret that Miss Maggie Jackman has been kept from her usual school duties on account of illness:

Miss Julia Armstrong has been confined to her room for several days

Miss M. E. Fanning left for home on the 28th.

Miss Nannie Jones, N. '86, writes an interesting letter of her reception at Boston; she is now on her way to her mission in Africa.

W. E. Mollison, N. '77, who is clerk of the Circuit and Chancery Courts of Issaquena County, Mississippi, renews his subscription to the HERALD.

Miss Amanda McKissack is teaching at Buford. We wish her success.

His Lordship, A. B. Jowett, was detained from his classes several days this month because of sickness.

A. L. Voorhees left this month for his home where he expects to work.

P. R. Cabell, a former student, writes from Coronado Beach, California, that he is living pleasantly with a newly married wife, and that the west is the place for young men.

Mrs. F. E. Weaver accompanied by her little son Frank visited her daughter at the University a few days.

Miss Nellie Southern has been on the sick list.

Miss Margaret Jackson, and Miss Sarah Gott, of Jonesboro, Tenn. entered school on the 4th. We are glad to welcome them.

MUSIC AT FISK.

Monday morning Jan. 23rd. Pres. Cravath announced the first musical rehearsal of the year to be held at Mrs. Wright's, Jan. 25th. Wednesday came, and the clouds hung low. Towards noon, however, things brightened up, the sun stole out from his hiding place and about four o'clock the members of the department wended their way to the beautiful home of Mrs. Wright just back of Livingstone Hall. Mrs. Wright's double parlors were thrown open, chairs sufficient to seat seventy or eighty were arranged and the following programme was performed.

Duett, Loeschorn, Op. 86,

Mary Fort and Carrie Leavell.

Jensen, Op. 33, Mary McClelland.

Lichner "Morning Glory" Nettie Crump.

Spindler "May Bells" Ella Rainey.

Duett, Loeschorn, Op. 86 Primo, Ida Mallory.

Ballade, Burgmuller, Op. 100, Anna Caraway.

Album Leaf Grade, Leonora Aray.

Cradle Song, Schuman, Op. 124, Elroa Wright

"May Sunshine" Phillip, Mrs. Crawford.

Barcarolle, Burgmuller, Op. 100, Carrie Carney.

Cradle Song, Jullig, Alma Stickel.

Sonata, Beethoven, Op. 49 No. 1,

Sallie Jones.

The parlors were beautifully brightened with flowers. The new

"Miller upright" was taken from the musical corner and placed where it could be seen by all, and their musical corner is itself the most novel part of the house. The piano stands first, upon a rack near by in the bust of Mendelssohn, and upon the walls hang the portraits of Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart and others.

Among the guests present was Miss Pattie Malone, one of the far famed Jubilee Singers. The exercises closed with a duet rendered by Misses Robinson and Chamberlin, at the special request of Mrs. Wright. The occasion was most enjoyable and the kind hostess has the thanks of the Department.

LEWIS NORMAL INSTITUTE.
FROM THE MACON DAILY TELEGRAPH.

DR. A. G. HAYGOOD, general agent of the John F. Slater fund was in Macon a few days ago, visiting officially Lewis Normal Institute, an admirable school for colored people. The doctor made a thorough inspection of the school and expresses himself as greatly pleased with its present management under Mrs. A. W. Shaw. The improvement within the last two years is very marked in all departments. The teaching is very thoroughly done, and the industrial training systematically and efficiently carried on. The Doctor preached Sunday morning at the Congregational church.

EXCHANGES.

We have on our table the first three numbers of *University* a weekly College journal. As a college paper it is unique, being published in the interest of all the universities of the country.

In addition to communications received from the various universities and colleges of the land, together with subjects of general interest to the college world, *University* promises to be "Impartial and accurate," and offers \$500 in prizes, 250, for the best prose paper, sent prior to July 1, 1888, by any student in regular standing in any American college, and \$250 for the best production in verse. A person a hasty glance at general college news has only to examine the pages of the magazine.

We have received the *Nicodemus Cyclone* edited by J. E. Porter, of '85, and M. C. Inlow; a newsy little sheet.

For a model college paper of high tone, neat appearance, and for faithful reflection of college work not college play, the *Chironian* is certainly near the top.

As we look over our exchanges we are struck by the fact that the fewer the editors the better the paper and *vice versa*. This includes ourselves.

The *Aurora* from our Knoxville sister is worth reading.

For real, old, hard, decayed, nauseating, chestnuts, see "College notes" in the average exchange.

If the covers of some of our bright little college papers should get lost in the mails, whew?

A certain young lady, who has evidently "been there," puts it this way:

If a Senior kiss a Normal,
Coming through the hall,
If the Normal slap the senior,
Need the senior bawl!

A two-story house fell on a Chicago reporter, and when they dug him out of the debris he had a two-column article written about the accident. -*Ex*

CITY ITEMS.

OUR MORTO:

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Reinhardt for fashionable shoe-repairing!
Winstead's shoe never fail to give satisfaction.
Lampkin has just removed to new quarters. Call on him.
Weakley is on hand with a full stock of shoe-goods.
The Eagle Shoe Store always gives a good bargarin.

The Fish Steam Shirt Factory has the finest lot of goods of its line in the city of Nashville.

Alex deAnquinos is completing a fine group of the pictures of our faculty, dont fail to get one.

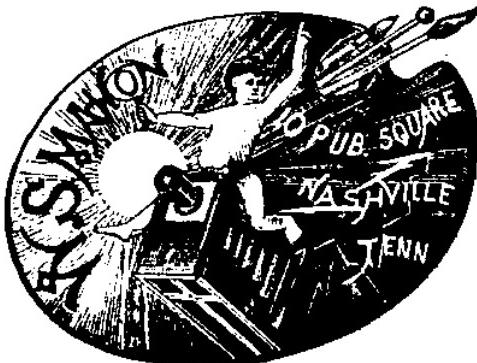
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